The Zygon Who Fell to Earth

SONG: You're all alone, and you're lost far from home, a world away...
(In a car. Tapping to the beat.)
MIMS: You know, I really prefer the remix. It's - it's commercial. You can dance to it.
URTAK: It's also most annoying.
(Song switched off.)
MIMS: I was enjoying that.
URTAK: Remember Mims, we have a very particular mission to carry out.
MIMS: Oh, you'll convince him, I'm sure of it. You're very masterful.
URTAK: He was always quite volatile. This must be the place, just by the ... Ah, yes.
(Car stops.)
MIMS: Bygones? Seems rather a pleasant hotel. Look - Wisteria.
URTAK: Indeed. Now, I hope that you will do your best to seem normal.
MIMS: Of course, Second-in-Command Urtak.
URTAK: And don't call me that. I'm Mervyn Urquhart and you're Humphrey Mims.
(Car door opened.)
MIMS: You know, I could get used to that name. Humphrey. Humphrey.
(URTAK sighs.)
MIMS: Humphrey.
URTAK: Come on! Let's get on with it.
MIMS: Humphrey.
(Car doors close.)

(Eating from plates.)
THE DOCTOR: No seriously, I was there, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh rubbish, Doctor. You make this stuff up.
THE DOCTOR: Me and Wordsworth, like that we were.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, right.
THE DOCTOR: I was there when he did the first draft of his most famous poem, you know? It was about this chap called Biffo, walking about in the hills wearing his big shoes.
LUCIE MILLER: Whatever. What year is it?
THE DOCTOR: Nineteen Eighty-Four. I misjudged the co-ordinates slightly, sorry about that.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm, it's all right. I wasn't that bothered about the poetry, to be honest. What does interest me is bumping into *her* again. How weird is that?
THE DOCTOR: Perplexing, isn't it? What is it about that woman?
LUCIE MILLER: Mm. The TARDIS must have a thing about her, the way it keeps bringing us back in time to significant points in her life.
THE DOCTOR: It's probably some cataclysmic Web of Time conspiracy thing. This silverinique is gorgeous, by the way. We must congratulate the chef.
LUCIE MILLER: I think she does most of the cooking herself. They grow everything themselves, she and Trevor. Organic.
THE DOCTOR: Don't you want your mange-tout?
LUCIE MILLER: I still don't believe you, you know, about helping him with his poems. "I wandered lonely as a cloud." As if.

(Bell rung. Slight noise as though something is dropped.)
URTAK: Don't fidget, Mims.
MIMS: Sorry.
(Door opened.)
AUNTY PAT: Good evening, gentlemen. Welcome to Bygones guest house. I'm Pat. How can I help you?
URTAK: Good evening, Pat. My colleague and I are here on business.
AUNTY PAT: Very good, sir.
MIMS: What a charming and unusual necklace that is, Madam.
AUNTY PAT: It was a gift, from my husband.
MIMS: May I have a look?
URTAK: I am Mr Mervyn Urquhart, and this is Mr Humphrey Mims.
MIMS: We would like a twin or a double. It matters not.
URTAK: We would prefer a twin-bedded room. We're both in the pop music industry.

AUNTY PAT: Rather you than me. I left all that behind years ago, luvvie. So what brings you here? There isn't much call for pop industry insiders in the Lake District. Though there's a nice Folk Festival each year in Kendal. It's where I met my husband.
URTAK: We know that.
AUNTY PAT: Oh, really?
URTAK: We know all about your husband, Trevor.
AUNTY PAT: I see. Fans of his, are you?
URTAK: Colleagues.
MIMS: Really, a double room would be acceptable also.
AUNTY PAT: (calling) Trevor? Are you still in the back? There's two gentlemen here who seem to think they know you.
URTAK: From the old days.
AUNTY PAT: (calling) From the old days.
MIMS: Bygone times indeed.
AUNTY PAT: Er, would you sign the register, gentlemen? I'm sure he'll be out in a minute.
URTAK: We'll pay cash, up front.
(Wad of money put down.)
AUNTY PAT: How ... unusual.
URTAK: Where is Trevor?
MIMS: Bring him to us.
(A thump. MIMS gasps.)
MIMS: Ow! What did you do that for?
URTAK: Forgive Mims. He gets overexcited sometimes.
AUNTY PAT: Er ... (Calling) Trevor?
(Door opened.)
TREVOR: Yeah? What is it?
(Door closed.)
TREVOR: I was having a snooze back there.
AUNTY PAT: We have new guests. Very distinguished music industry people.
TREVOR: Music industry? I haven't ... Oh.
URTAK: Trevor. It is marvellous to see you again.
MIMS: It's really you.
TREVOR: Of course it's me. Who did you think it was?
URTAK: It is very good to see you, Trevor.
TREVOR: Wish I could say the same.
AUNTY PAT: Trevor, who are these gentlemen? They say they're colleagues of yours from the old days.
TREVOR: They're from the company, Pat. My old record company, Satsuma.
MIMS: We need you, Trevor, you need to make a comeback.
TREVOR: I'm quite happy here, with my new life as a hotelier, away from showbiz.
MIMS: Trevor, we have just released your twelve-inch. A remix, that is. We confidently expect it to shoot straight to the top.
URTAK: Satsuma needs you back in the limelight.
TREVOR: That was nearly twenty years ago. That person isn't me any more.
AUNTY PAT: Sorry, boys. Sounds like you've had a wasted journey,
URTAK: My colleague Mr Mims and I will be staying here at Bygones Guest House, and we will change Trevor's mind. You'll see if we don't.
(URTAK laughs, an evil villain type laugh.)
MIMS: We are going to work on you, Trevor.
(MIMS laughs in the same way.)
URTAK: Mims.
MIMS: Sorry.
AUNTY PAT: If you'd care to follow me I'll show you gentlemen to your rooms.
URTAK: Very well.
(Walking off.)
TREVOR: You think you can take me back, but you can't. Not without an unholy fight.

(Liquid being poured out.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh, look at this place. Fizzy water, linen tablecloths, cut crystal. I thought you said Aunty Pat didn't amount to much.

LUCIE MILLER: I'm just as amazed as you. I never knew she owned a hotel back in the Eighties.
THE DOCTOR: Mind you, material success shouldn't be the measure of everything. That's where this decade has it wrong.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, if you say so. Aunty Pat never said anything about being married either. Oh! Here she comes.
(Door opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doesn't look too pleased.
AUNTY PAT: (sigh) What a night. First you two now more weird arrivals.
THE DOCTOR: What do you mean?
AUNTY PAT: Oh, just some creepy businessmen. Old record company associates of Trevor. How was your dinner?
THE DOCTOR: Excellent.
AUNTY PAT: Maybe you'll tell me now, what you two are playing at.
LUCIE MILLER: We're here to see you, Aunty Pat.
AUNTY PAT: You're both exactly the same as you were ten years back. That awful night on the motorway, with those bear monsters and the Tomorrow Twins and everything. Worst night of my life. You two are trouble, I know that.
(Referring to a previous story Horror Of Glam Rock.)
THE DOCTOR: Nonsense. There are no monsters this time are there?
LUCIE MILLER: Actually, there's a monster in the lake, in Grasmere, the chambermaid told me.
THE DOCTOR: Really. Well, we're not here for some palaver with monsters, we're here for the poetry, the scenery, and Aunty Pat.
AUNTY PAT: Our bread and butter, that monster. And I'm not your Aunty Pat, Doctor, I'm hers. My niece. Look at you, Lucie. You're too weird. In the real world you haven't even been born yet, you know.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, look at you. You're running this place. You're married. I never knew you were happy and successful in Nineteen Eighty-Four, that's great.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie...
AUNTY PAT: What's that supposed to mean? That I'm not happy or successful in the future, in your time?
LUCIE MILLER: I've done it again, haven't I?
AUNTY PAT: It's very nice to see you again, Lucie, but would you mind shutting your gob about my future in future?
LUCIE MILLER: Note taken. So, when do we get to meet your husband, my Uncle Trevor?
AUNTY PAT: Oh, he's in a bit of a bad mood this evening, brought on by those music business pals of his. He's not very happy to see 'em.
LUCIE MILLER: So, your husband is really a rock star?
AUNTY PAT: Trevor was a folk singer in the Nineteen Sixties. Had a few hits. He's turned his back on all of that now.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! My Aunty Pat's married to someone famous.
AUNTY PAT: I tell him just enjoy the attention, enjoy the royalty cheques rolling in. That's our retirement, that. Especially with this remix being released.
THE DOCTOR: Interesting. What is a remix?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! Ignore him. He's such an old fogey. Well, Trevor must be pleased.
AUNTY PAT: Well, you'd think so, wouldn't you? But instead he looks ... well, uneasy. I've never seen him like this before. It's as if he's scared of confronting the person he was back then.

LUCIE MILLER: I don't get it, Doctor. Why did she hush up all this part of her life? The Aunty Pat I knew in the future...
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, shh, shh, shh, shh! Quick, behind the curtain.
LUCIE MILLER: What is it?
(As curtain rustling movement.)
THE DOCTOR: Those two new guests. Mr Urquhart and Mr Mims.
LUCIE MILLER: You think they're up to no good?
THE DOCTOR: Could be. Let's have a listen.
MIMS: I have surveyed the whole area tonight, er, Mervyn.
URTAK: Excellent, Mims. And?
MIMS: It's as I thought. Underneath the lounge bar, very suspect indeed. Also, I believe he takes the path down to the lake of an evening in order to imbibe supplies.

URTAK: Good work, Humphrey Mims. You've proved most effective.
MIMS: Will there be anything else? Or can we go to bed now?
URTAK: Let us take a stroll together in the moonlight.
MIMS: Oh.
URTAK: To the lakeside.
MIMS: Oh. Very well, sir. Although I am feeling a little tired.
URTAK: Hurry up, Mims.
(Walking off.)
THE DOCTOR: Funny pair.
LUCIE MILLER: Someone should keep an eye on them.
THE DOCTOR: Ah Lucie, we're supposed to be on holiday.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm going to follow them.
THE DOCTOR: There you go again, leaping to conclusions. Well, off you trot then, Nancy Drew.
LUCIE MILLER: Nancy who? Oh, don't bother to explain. I'll see you back here later - midnight.
(Walking off.)

(Outside, owls hooting.)
LUCIE MILLER: There you are. I knew it. Definitely up to no good.
MIMS: This is the small bay where he imbibes his necessary supplies.
URTAK: Is it indeed.
(Zygon female voice of GRAKUS.)
GRAKUS: It is a well-secluded spot.
LUCIE MILLER: Jeez! What the hell is that?
URTAK: Ah, colleague Grakus.
GRAKUS: Good evening, Second-in-Command Urtak. Mims.
MIMS: Greetings.
GRAKUS: Our target was here earlier this evening. I observed him.
LUCIE MILLER: The monster in the lake. It's got to be the monster.
MIMS: You watched him take sustenance?
GRAKUS: I did.
URTAK: Bring the beast here. Mims and I must have our fill too, Grakus.
GRAKUS: Very good, Second-in-Command Urtak.
MIMS: I am, I must say, very peckish.
(Zygon signalling device sound.)
GRAKUS: The device will summon the beast from its nest deep in the catacombs.
MIMS: We know all that, Grakus. Just because you control the creature there's no need to make a song and dance about it.
LUCIE MILLER: Another monster? Poor Aunty Pat. All this on her doorstep - she'll go mental when she hears.
GRAKUS: It cannot be too far away. It was here only half an hour since.
(Splash. Prehistoric monster bellowing roar of Skarasen.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh ... my ... God.
GRAKUS: Behold, the Skarasen.
URTAK: So many years since we've seen her in the flesh. Isn't she a beauty?
MIMS: Divine!
URTAK: No more powdered substitutes. We can imbibe the necessary supplies fresh this very evening.
(Roar of Skarasen.)
URTAK: Mims, palpate her ingorged cybernetic dugs. Squeeze out her gorgeous vitality.
MIMS: What an honour!
URTAK: Milk the Skarasen.
(Sucking, roar of Skarasen.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! That's the most disgusting thing I've ever seen.
MIMS: Here, Commander Urtak. Your share of milk.
(Sucking.)
LUCIE MILLER: Eurgh ... this is quite revolting.
(A twig snaps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Uh-oh.
URTAK: Wait. We're observed, Mims.
(Rustling of bushes as she comes out of hiding.)

LUCIE MILLER: Hello! Nice night for it.
GRAKUS: A human female.
MIMS: She's from the hotel, I saw her there.
GRAKUS: She was spying on us.
LUCIE MILLER: Spying? No. I just came down here for a bit of fresh air.
URTAK: Do not move.
(LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
URTAK: You should not have disturbed us at our feasting.
LUCIE MILLER: Ow! Look, I didn't see anything.
URTAK: You observed Mr Humphrey Mims as he suckled the Skarasen.
MIMS: We cannot let you go.
GRAKUS: You are ours now.
LUCIE MILLER: No, no, no!

(Door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, there you are.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor? That man, Trevor, said you were waiting for me in the bar.
THE DOCTOR: I'm on the cranberry juice, I'm afraid, it's past time.
LUCIE MILLER: No matter. I shall get 'em myself.
(Clink of glasses and pouring.)
THE DOCTOR: Everyone's in bed, I suppose. Lucie?
LUCIE MILLER: It's only half a pint.
THE DOCTOR: Of vodka?
(Drinking.)
THE DOCTOR: What did you discover, snooping around?
(LUCIE MILLER lets out a sigh after drinking.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, them? They're just ordinary businessmen. However...
THE DOCTOR: However?
LUCIE MILLER: We need to investigate the cellar.
THE DOCTOR: We do?

(Door opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: I want to check it out.
THE DOCTOR: Holiday, remember?
LUCIE MILLER: I ... remember.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, what's all this about? I hate thinking the worst of people, assuming they're hiding something nasty in their cellar.
LUCIE MILLER: Trevor has left the lights on.
THE DOCTOR: It's pulsating red and green. Maybe he's got a disco down here.
(Alien background sound of control room.)
LUCIE MILLER: Can you hear that? Come. The far room.
(Walking.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh dear. That's Trevor - the real Trevor, in a body-print machine.
LUCIE MILLER: A what?
THE DOCTOR: A body-print machine. It allows them to make and wear a perfect replica of a person's physical form.
LUCIE MILLER: Is the real Trevor dead?
THE DOCTOR: No. Just hibernating in this disgusting thing. There's no telling how long he's been sleeping here, could have been years.
LUCIE MILLER: Years, yes.
THE DOCTOR: The thing is, they have to keep him here so they can refresh their body-print every now and then, otherwise the copy runs out of juice. I've seen this before.
LUCIE MILLER: You said they. Who are "they"?
THE DOCTOR: Hideous foetus-like warlords from the deepest, murkiest fathoms of space, covered in nasty suckers and bristling with ideas for stealing the worlds of other races. They've lost their own home world, Lucie. They've tried to steal the Earth before - looks like they're at it again.
LUCIE MILLER: Who?
THE DOCTOR: They're called the Zygons.
LUCIE MILLER: And you're saying my poor Aunty Pat is married to one?

THE DOCTOR: You're right. The terrible shock it's going to be.
LUCIE MILLER: We must tell her at once.
THE DOCTOR: We can't go waking her up at this. We'll tell her in the morning.
LUCIE MILLER: I ... Yes. You're right.
THE DOCTOR: Come on, let's get out of here. We don't want the bogus Trevor finding us among his precious stuff.
(Walking off.)
THE DOCTOR: She's not had much luck in her life, has she, your Aunty Pat?

(Pouring liquid.)
AUNTY PAT: There. I thought it'd be nicer for you both to have breakfast here, rather than out there with the other guests.
THE DOCTOR: Lovely room. And I love these posters - I see you moved on from heavy metal to punk, Aunty Pat, and now a guest house.
AUNTY PAT: People change. But we still like to think of ourselves as a bit radical, me and Trevor. Greenpeace, CND, Anti-Apartheid, Amnesty.
THE DOCTOR: But you've settled down.
AUNTY PAT: We still do our bit. For the environment, mostly. Trevor won't have a car. He hates anything mucking up the atmosphere. Gets him proper riled up the way we treat the world.
LUCIE MILLER: Aunty Pat, we've got some questions for you.
AUNTY PAT: I've seen you two do this before, getting worked up and acting all peculiar, and nothing good comes of it.
LUCIE MILLER: Uncle Trevor has something terrible hidden in the cellar.
THE DOCTOR: Break it to her gently, why don't you.
AUNTY PAT: I saw you Lucie, following those music business gentlemen out last night when they went off on their stroll. What did they say to you?
LUCIE MILLER: Nothing. Back to the cellar - there are things your husband doesn't want you to know about.
AUNTY PAT: Trevor and I respect each other's private space. I know everything I need to know about him.
LUCIE MILLER: I doubt that.
THE DOCTOR: I think you should brace yourself for a shock.
(Jug put down.)
AUNTY PAT: What gives you two the right to come gallumphing in 'ere, acting all mysterious and superior?
LUCIE MILLER: He's an alien.
AUNTY PAT: He's a what?
LUCIE MILLER He's a Zygon Warlord trapped here on Earth, wants to take over the world.
AUNTY PAT: I see.
THE DOCTOR: Improbable as it sounds, it's true, Aunty Pat.
AUNTY PAT: For the last time, I'm not your Aunty, you silly ... forward man.
THE DOCTOR: Trevor is a Zygon.
AUNTY PAT: Of course. I knew that.
THE DOCTOR: What?
AUNTY PAT: When you really love someone, you accept their foibles and their funny habits. You learn to accept everything about their past, even the bits *they* want to forget.
LUCIE MILLER: But ... he is a Zygon.
AUNTY PAT: So? I dated far worse when I was your age.
LUCIE MILLER: Aunty Pat ... you can't be serious.
AUNTY PAT: I never expected prejudice from you two. He's from Outer Space. So what? You're the same, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Quite, but I don't destroy ecosystems and enslave populations and suck out people's minds using organic crystallography, do I?
AUNTY PAT: Neither does Trevor.
THE DOCTOR: He's a Zygon. They're all like that.
AUNTY PAT: How do you know?
LUCIE MILLER: She's got a point there, Doctor.
(Telephone receiver lifted.)
AUNTY PAT: Give us a minute.
(Numbers of a telephone tapped in.)

TREVOR: (telephone) Yeah?
AUNTY PAT: Trevor? Are you busy on Reception?
TREVOR: (telephone) Oh, just a bit of paperwork, nothing doing.
AUNTY PAT: Come through to the sitting-room. The Doctor and Lucie are here.
TREVOR: (telephone) Oh yes?
AUNTY PAT: They know, about you. They seem really down on the whole Zygon thing.
TREVOR: (telephone) I'll come through.
(Receiver replaced.)
LUCIE MILLER: You really don't know what you're messing about with, Aunty Pat.
AUNTY PAT: We've been married since Nineteen Seventy-Nine.
THE DOCTOR: What about the real Trevor, in the body-print machine in the cellar?
AUNTY PAT: What body-print machine?
(Door opened.)
TREVOR: Morning, Doctor, Lucie. I trust you slept well? You, erm, know about me, then?
THE DOCTOR: I know the Zygons of old. I know what they do.
TREVOR: Do you indeed.
LUCIE MILLER: You won't get away with this.
THE DOCTOR: Hush, Lucie, let him talk.
TREVOR: I'm not up to anything, Doctor, there are no nasty plans to take over the world. I've gone native.
THE DOCTOR: I find that hard to believe.
TREVOR: Believe what you want. I've been here for years. I love the world, the human race, the Lake District ... and most of all I love my Patricia. I'm not budging.
LUCIE MILLER: And Aunty Pat doesn't mind what you look like under your stolen human disguise?
(Zygon transformation.)
TREVOR: Why should she?
AUNTY PAT: I'm used to it. He's my great big hunk of Zygon.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, Aunty Pat, look at him.
TREVOR: (Zygon voice) We don't need your approval.
LUCIE MILLER: And you. You can't love *her*.
AUNTY PAT: Hey!
LUCIE MILLER: I mean ... Oh, what's the use.
(Walking off, door opened, closed.)
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry about Lucie. She's not herself today.
AUNTY PAT: It's a lot to take in.
THE DOCTOR: For what it's worth, I believe you.
AUNTY PAT: Thank you, Doctor.
TREVOR: (Zygon voice) I'd better return to the paperwork.
AUNTY PAT: Trevor? Change your form if you're going back to Reception.

URTAK: The Skarasen has returned to the ship beneath Lake Ullswater. Phase three can now begin. Your next task, Mims, is to take the device from the human woman.
MIMS: It will not be difficult, Commander. Er, do you want to use the en-suite first?
URTAK: No, you go ahead, Mims.
MIMS: Okay.
(Knock on wooden door.)
URTAK: Who's there?
(Door opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: I have succeeded, Second-in-Command Urtak.
URTAK: Close the door, Grakus.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh yeah.
(Door closed.)
MIMS: You shouldn't come dashing in here like that. People will observe you.
LUCIE MILLER: Never mind that. I must tell you. I've got the Doctor working for us also.
URTAK: Very good work.
LUCIE MILLER: As agreed, I told Patricia, Aunty Pat, that her Trevor is a Zygon.
MIMS: Did the Earth woman shriek herself into gibbering insanity as a result? They usually do.
LUCIE MILLER: That is what I expected, but she already knew.
URTAK: Impossible!

LUCIE MILLER: And what's worse, Trevor came in and reverted to his form and she never turned a hair, and Trevor - or Warlord Haygoth as we know him - gave us all this chat about going native, and being in love with the Earth female and everything.
URTAK: The vernacular is unnecessary, Grakus.
(LUCIE MILLER clears throat.)
LUCIE MILLER: Apologies, Second-in-Command.
MIMS: What can this mean, Urtak?
URTAK: It means that our leader is on the brink of betraying us. He has forgotten the Zygon way. We must accelerate phase three and phase four.
LUCIE MILLER: I think it's time we did something about Aunty Pat.

ANNOUNCER: (radio) And climbing to Number Four in this week's chart, it's that ever popular remix of Sixties classic, "Falling Star."
AUNTY PAT: (Calling) Trevor, your song's coming on! Oh, listen! It's risen to number four now.
(Door opened and closed.)
AUNTY PAT: Who's a clever Trevor, then? Oh. Mr Mims.
(Song starts playing in the background.)
AUNTY PAT: I'm afraid guests aren't allowed in the kitchen area. Health and safety.
MIMS: Sorry about that, I - I heard the song.
AUNTY PAT: That remix of yours is fabulous. Trevor hates it.
MIMS: Everyone else loves it and it's making us rich. Er, forgive me, I notice you don't wear a wedding ring.
AUNTY PAT: We don't believe in external shows of materialism or ownership. It's just how we are.
MIMS: I do admire your necklace, though, very unusual.
AUNTY PAT: Lovely, isn't it? I wear it always. Trevor gave me it early on, at the Kendal Folk Festival, Nineteen Seventy-Nine.
MIMS: It looks almost ... alive.
AUNTY PAT: Yes. Strange texture to it.
MIMS: May I ... touch?
AUNTY PAT: Oh. Don't see why not.
MIMS: Extraordinary. Do you know what this is, Earth woman?
(Glass smash.)
AUNTY PAT: Ow!
MIMS: Do you know what this bauble really is?
AUNTY PAT: Get off me. You're hurting me.
MIMS: It won't come off, it's fused to your flesh.
AUNTY PAT: Get your mitts off my necklace!
MIMS: *Your* necklace? It belongs to the Zygons, it's part of us and our future plans.
AUNTY PAT: Let me go! It's part of me now!
MIMS: Very well, if you won't relinquish it I must take you with me. You will only feel a brief stinging sensation. Prepare yourself.
AUNTY PAT: No. Please. Trevor...!
(Last word drawn out as a cry, then silence.)

TREVOR: I've been too wrapped up in myself lately. I should never have gone for that walk. They could have taken her hours ago.
LUCIE MILLER: Drink this. It's brandy.
TREVOR: Oh, I can't touch booze at a time like this.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh ... waste not, want not.
(Drinking.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie! Trevor, where have they taken her?
TREVOR: I should have just given in to them. I shouldn't have let Pat get involved.
THE DOCTOR: You didn't. Did you?
TREVOR: The necklace she wears - I gave it to her as ... as a love token.
LUCIE MILLER: Only it's nothing of the kind, is it?
TREVOR: It's a device, something they need. I knew I'd never willingly resume command of their ship, so I gave it to Pat, for safekeeping.
THE DOCTOR: We'll go after them. Where are they?
TREVOR: Ullswater.

THE DOCTOR: Ullswater, well, that ... that's only five miles away.
TREVOR: Three if you go underneath, as they'll have done. Oh, Pat. If I could, I'd have fled, taken her to the furthest corner of this world. But we Zygons depend on the milk our Skarasen produces.
THE DOCTOR: The Skarasen, yes. I forgot you'd have one of those around. So you got the Skarasen to chew a great big tunnel between Ullswater and Grasmere, under the mountains.
TREVOR: The creature is built to obey my word above all others.
THE DOCTOR: Your Zygon pals - maybe they just wanted the device, and the money they make from your remix, to fix up their ship. Maybe now they'll go home.
TREVOR: You know my people, Doctor. They'll have some further terrible plan, and they'll need me to implement it. They want their Warlord Haygoth back.
THE DOCTOR: You're not alone in this mess, Trevor.
TREVOR: Without Pat I feel horribly alone on this world.
THE DOCTOR: Right, it's getting dark - let's find that tunnel, shall we?
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, are you sure you can trust him?
THE DOCTOR: Pat did ... does. That's good enough, isn't it?
LUCIE MILLER: Suppose.
THE DOCTOR: Well, that's settled. Come on. Chop-chop.
(He claps his hands.)

(Zygon transformation. URTAK and MIMS then speak in Zygon voice.)
URTAK: Ah, what a release being back in our natural form, Mims.
MIMS: I despise our human guises, so ungainly and undignified.
AUNTY PAT: You two are crazy.
MIMS: Silence, puny woman.
URTAK: You intrigue me, Earth-woman. At the sight of our natural forms, many of your species become shrieking basket cases.
AUNTY PAT: Seen it all before, haven't I? You're Zygons, like my Trevor.
MIMS: Then you know of his history, his true nature?
AUNTY PAT: When you love someone you come to know everything about them.
MIMS: Curious. What is this love?
AUNTY PAT: The most important thing in the world.
URTAK: The most *lucrative* thing in the world. The pop charts are filled with such sentimental nonsense. It's all a moneymaking scam of the humans, Mims. Even if this female deludes herself that she really loves Warlord Haygoth, he cannot love her back.
AUNTY PAT: What would you two know about it? You're just underground trolls, giant goblins. Now, take me back!
MIMS: She is becoming hysterical, Commander Urtak.
URTAK: Human females often do when they speak of love. Sting her into unconsciousness again.
AUNTY PAT: No, wait...
(Gasp from AUNTY PAT and her falling to the ground.)
URTAK: Excellent, Mims. You're getting good with that stinger of yours.
MIMS: Thank you, Commander Urtak.
URTAK: Hoist her up, then.
MIMS: Oh, yes.
(Lifted up.)
MIMS: Do you think, Second-in-Command, any Zygon has ever known what the Earth woman calls love?
URTAK: I do not believe so, Mims. Even when we have been incognito in the pathetic dirty city known as London, we Zygons adopt the hideous appearances, apparel and gestures of the human beings, but we do not go so far as to mimic their disgusting emotions.
MIMS: I am not so sure. I fear I may have experienced the slight stirring of those alien emotions.
URTAK: Can it be true, Mims?
MIMS: I fear so, yes.
URTAK: Then the quicker we return to our ship the better. There you can truly return to the Zygon way of life. Just think, Mims. Ten Earth years away from our craft, now we can see how it has grown back and repaired itself. We can also rejoin our brothers and sisters.
MIMS: I think we are there, Second-in-Command. The door in the wall.
URTAK: Ah yes.

(Zygon door opening.)
URTAK: Home at last.

(Rustling.)
TREVOR: Here, Doctor. The mouth of the tunnel.
LUCIE MILLER: (calling loudly) Hello? Hello!
THE DOCTOR: Lucie?
LUCIE MILLER: What?
THE DOCTOR: Shh!
LUCIE MILLER: All right. Shall we go in?
THE DOCTOR: After you.
(Rustling, then walking.)
THE DOCTOR: Fingers crossed, the Skarasen is off visiting his Scottish pal.
LUCIE MILLER: The Skarasen, yeah. Why has no-one's noticed that there's a great big dinosaur thing paddling around in Grasmere?
TREVOR: But there *have* been sightings. Visitors have been flocking, staying at our guest house. The British like nothing more than a monster in a lake.
THE DOCTOR: Aunty Pat did mention this at dinner, Lucie. Don't you remember?
LUCIE MILLER: So, where does this tunnel lead?
TREVOR: Deep under the mountains, then up again to the bottom of Ullswater to connect with the ship. The Skarasen has a hatchway through which it secretes its lactic fluid to the Zygon crew.
THE DOCTOR: The milk round.
TREVOR: Come on. We'd better start off. Heaven knows what they're doing to Pat.
THE DOCTOR: How long have you been here, Trevor?
TREVOR: The ship was badly damaged when we crash-landed. We hibernated for many, many years.
THE DOCTOR: I imagine it was about the same time as the other lot.
LUCIE MILLER: Other lot?
THE DOCTOR: The Scottish clan. I dealt with them ages ago, in my timeline.
LUCIE MILLER: What ... happened?
THE DOCTOR: I trounced them. Not without a terrible struggle, though. They're nasty, vicious little meanies. No offence, Trevor.
TREVOR: I know what my race is like. That is one of my primary reasons for avoiding them. I don't want to revert to their terrible ways.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, tell me how you defeated the Zygons before.
THE DOCTOR: (sigh.) Such a long time ago. The thing is, when you've foiled as many invasions as I have, you tend to...
(Bellowing of Skarasen.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh hell.
TREVOR: The Skarasen. It has our scent.
THE DOCTOR: And from what I remember, they're murder to outrun.
LUCIE MILLER: We must hide.
THE DOCTOR: No, no, it will soon snout us out.
(Closer bellowing.)
TREVOR: It already has.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, behind me.
(Sonic screwdriver.)
LUCIE MILLER: What are you waving that around for?
THE DOCTOR: The Skarasen is half-electronic.
LUCIE MILLER: You've antagonised it. Damn you, Doctor, you've led us to our death!
(Skarasen roar continues.)

MIMS: Second-in-Command Urtak, here. The Skarasen has located them.
URTAK: Show me, Mims.
(Zygon scanner.)
MIMS: The Doctor and Warlord Haygoth are about to die. Grakus too is vulnerable on that form. Shall I call off the beast?
URTAK: The Skarasen hungers, so long without a kill. Let it frighten them, Mims. Let the beast toy with them.

MIMS: Is your sadism not a very human trait, Second-in-Command Urtak?
URTAK: Certainly not. I was always like this. Send guards into the tunnel to fetch the intruders here. Mims, you must be the first to welcome our Warlord.

LUCIE MILLER: We must get to the safety of the ship.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, stay back.
TREVOR: I can control the Skarasen. It is attuned to my very being.
LUCIE MILLER: Get on with it, then.
TREVOR: I need to focus. I can call it off if I revert to my...
(Zygon transformation, TREVOR has Zygon voice.)
TREVOR: ... Natural form. I am Warlord Haygoth, Skarasen. My thoughts are your thoughts.
(Skarasen bellowing.)
THE DOCTOR: It's turning around.
LUCIE MILLER: At last. Now, send it away.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, it's tail - look out!
(Whiplash of tail, LUCIE MILLER gasps, falls.)
THE DOCTOR: It's all right, I've got you.
LUCIE MILLER: Get your hands off me, Time Lord.
(Zygon transformation as TREVOR then speaks in his normal voice again.)
TREVOR: Ah, that's better. Is she all right?
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, you're bleeding.
LUCIE MILLER: You've done enough. Get away from me!
THE DOCTOR: Lucie?
LUCIE MILLER: We're safe now. That is all.
THE DOCTOR: Spoke too soon.
MIMS: Welcome home, Warlord Haygoth.

(AUNTY PAT gasps.)
AUNTY PAT: Where am I?
URTAK: You are inside the most sophisticated and powerful spaceship in the galaxy.
AUNTY PAT: You could have fooled me. It looks like a plate of raw liver.
URTAK: One as ugly as you cannot appreciate true beauty.
(Zygon alarm.)
MIMS: I am Mims, Second-in-Command Urtak. I have Warlord Haygoth.
URTAK: Excellent, Mims.
AUNTY PAT: Trevor? Don't go with him, Trevor. It's a trap!
URTAK: Silence, woman! Unless you wish to taste *my* sting.
AUNTY PAT: Will you bring him here?
URTAK: Mims will take the captives to the cells.
AUNTY PAT: You could at least let me see him.
URTAK: Your part in this affair is almost over, woman.
AUNTY PAT: You won't separate us, you know.
URTAK: You have a tiny human mind. You cannot fathom the complex loyalties and desires of the Zygons. Warlord Haygoth has been confused. We will make him think straight again.

(Zygon door opens.)
MIMS: Into the cells. Move.
THE DOCTOR: You needn't bully us.
MIMS: It is the Zygon way. Why have you returned to human form, Warlord Haygoth?
TREVOR: As a deliberate insult to you and your kind, Mims. I'm not the same as you.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, yes, yes. What I want to know is, what have you done with the real Lucie?
LUCIE MILLER: Er ... what are you talking about?
THE DOCTOR: You can stop pretending now. You haven't been yourself since last night, when you followed our friends to the lakeside.
LUCIE MILLER: Very clever, Doctor. Still...
(Zygon transformation of LUCIE MILLER to GRAKUS.)
LUCIE MILLER: At least I may now shed...
GRAKUS: ... This vile loathsome form.
MIMS: Welcome back, colleague Grakus. You are injured.
GRAKUS: It is superficial. Healing slime is all I need.

THE DOCTOR: I take it you've got a body-print room somewhere aboard, where you keep all your originals?
GRAKUS: You know all this from your previous encounter with our race?
THE DOCTOR: I want to know that Lucie is safe.
TREVOR: Yes, and Patricia.
MIMS: For now they are. What previous encounter, Grakus?
GRAKUS: The Doctor is quite an expert on our kind. Where was it? Scotland?
THE DOCTOR: Loch Ness, to be precise. You lot dropped a number of ships on these isles. You are not alone.
MIMS: He knows more about the Zygon Diaspora than we do.
THE DOCTOR: There was another load too back in the Nineteenth Century down south. You're nothing new, you know.
MIMS: You will regret mocking the Zygon cause, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Will I really, Humphrey?
MIMS: Oh yes. Goodbye for now. Come, Grakus.
(Zygon door closed.)
TREVOR: Well, what do we do now?
THE DOCTOR: Tamper with the door controls of course.
(Sonic screwdriver used.)
THE DOCTOR: Something tells me we won't have to wait long anyway, they need us. If they want to advance their plans they can't just keep us shut up here.
TREVOR: Can your sonic device open the door?
THE DOCTOR: It's disabling the alarm that's the tricky bit.
(Sonic screwdriver turned off.)
THE DOCTOR: Look, the best bargain we can come up with is this. They let Patricia go free unharmed. They free Lucie from their body-print room unharmed, they set you free, and you and I will discuss at a later date what you'll do with the real Trevor, in your own body-print room.
TREVOR: That bothers you, the human in my cellar?
THE DOCTOR: Of course.
TREVOR: But Trevor only lives through me, Doctor. His own body is dead and frozen. It was a motorcycle accident in the late Sixties. His record company hushed it up, put the body in cryogenic suspension as requested in his will. I took over.
THE DOCTOR: I see. I'm sorry, I - I just assumed.
TREVOR: I *am* the real Trevor, Doctor. I've been him for nearly a quarter of a century.
THE DOCTOR: All right, I believe you. Now, let's get on with this.
(Sonic screwdriver operating.)
TREVOR: What will you offer then in return for Patricia and Lucie?
THE DOCTOR: My help.
TREVOR: To do what? Take over the world?
THE DOCTOR: I shall use all the skills and resources at my disposal to get this cronky old ship working again. I'll fix it up so they can leave the Earth behind and find somewhere more suitable to settle.
TREVOR: (laugh) Zygons don't just meekly shuffle off. They've got their mean little eyes set on this place. They fully intend to adapt the Earth to their own uses.
THE DOCTOR: I was rather afraid of that.
(Small explosion and door operates.)
THE DOCTOR: That's us. Come along, Trevor. First stop, body-print room and poor Lucie.
(Walking off.)
TREVOR: They're poised and ready to transform this world, Doctor, make it Zygon friendly.
THE DOCTOR: It would take massive atmospheric changes to make this a viable Zygon home world.
TREVOR: The humans themselves are already making the required adaptations, without even knowing it.
THE DOCTOR: Global warming?
TREVOR: The climate's changing day by day, becoming more amenable to us, but my fellow Zygons want to accelerate it, and this is why we ... they ... went into big business.
THE DOCTOR: All those power suits. I thought they were just in the music business.
TREVOR: They branched out. They've been investing massively in industrial projects all over this world for decades now. Encouraging the unleashing of modified CFCs into the atmosphere. Everything they've funded and manufactured has had the twin objective of raising cash for us to

repair our equipment, and to further damage the ozone layer.
THE DOCTOR: Are we talking hairsprays?
TREVOR: We're talking anything they can lay their suckers on. They're flinging every kind of poison at the human sky. And because it was in the guise of big business, the people of Earth simply let it happen. They call it, in this rotten era, the spirit of free enterprise.
THE DOCTOR: There's the Nineteen Eighties for you.
TREVOR: Even these new compact discs they've been selling, like the remix of my old song that they somehow made everyone buy, emit an invisible gas when they're played, further CFCs to cripple the planet.
THE DOCTOR: But all these CFCs will take decades to alter the atmosphere.
TREVOR: Not if they can be activated en masse. Urtak and Mims have biochemical warheads here in this ship. Phase five of the Zygon gambit is to detonate the gases in the atmosphere.
THE DOCTOR: Ah, but they're missing a vital component, correct?
TREVOR: They need a certain crystal lattice - which I took the necessary precaution of removing from the torpedo tubes some time ago.
THE DOCTOR: And where is this crystal lattice now?

(Zygon door opened.)
URTAK: Ah, Mims. You have brought forth the specimen.
MIMS: Indeed, Second-in-Command. This way, girl.
LUCIE MILLER: All right, all right, stop pushing.
AUNTY PAT: Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: Aunty Pat. They ... they made a copy of me and used it to lure the Doctor and Trevor here.
AUNTY PAT: It's all right, luvvie. I know all about it. You lot should be ashamed of yourselves, involving the likes of this poor girl in your mad schemes.
URTAK: Cease your whining, woman.
AUNTY PAT: Everything's going to be all right, Lucie. If my Trevor is here and your Doctor, I reckon we'll be okay.
LUCIE MILLER: What do they want from us?
AUNTY PAT: It's Trevor they want. They want him to go back to them. He belongs to them, you see.
URTAK: You all have your part to play in the coming hours. This older Earth woman has about her person something crucial to the Zygon cause. She was given it by Warlord Haygoth, or as you know him, Trevor.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, what is it?
AUNTY PAT: This necklace. Trevor gave it to me when we first met, back at the Kendal Folk Festival in Nineteen Seventy-Nine. I don't care what this lot need it for. I can't give it up.
LUCIE MILLER: But - it's only got sentimental value, hasn't it, it's not actually worth anything?
AUNTY PAT: Trevor gave it to me. He must have had a reason.
LUCIE MILLER: Just give it to them. They'll set us free if you do.
AUNTY PAT: Lucie, I couldn't give it to them even if I wanted to. One of them tried to rip it off my neck a while ago. It's fused to my flesh.
LUCIE MILLER: Not even to save me, Aunty?
AUNTY PAT: If it would save you I'd take it off gladly, but I can't. It's as if every stone in the necklace has turned into a leech or something. It's been like that since Nineteen Seventy-Nine. Don't you see? They *can't* have it. It's stuck to me.
LUCIE MILLER: Here, let me try.
AUNTY PAT: Don't, Lucie. It won't come off.
(Tugging.)
AUNTY PAT: Lucie, you're hurting me.
LUCIE MILLER: Don't struggle. If you keep still it won't hurt you.
AUNTY PAT: Lucie, what are you doing? Get off me!
LUCIE MILLER: Keep still, Earth woman!
AUNTY PAT: Earth woman? Oh no!
LUCIE MILLER: Oh yes.
AUNTY PAT: No ... You're ... killing me...
(AUNTY PAT cries out.)
LUCIE MILLER: I have it. The device, it is free.
URTAK: Good work, Grakus.

MIMS: A little messy. You've torn the creature's throat.
LUCIE MILLER: The device had dug itself in very deeply. No matter. We have what we need.

THE DOCTOR: You should never have given such a thing to a human being.
TREVOR: I was a fool, I admit it, but once the gift was given it couldn't be taken back.
THE DOCTOR: Is that the metaphysics of love you're talking about, or the tenaciousness of organic crystallography?
[NOTE: Word would be "tenacity", not "tenaciousness".]
(Zygon alarm.)
URTAK: Attention. Phase five commences. Begin arming warheads.
TREVOR: But that means ... Patricia!
THE DOCTOR: We need to get to the control room.
TREVOR: Doctor, parting the crystal from human flesh, it could be fatal.
THE DOCTOR: We don't know that yet.
TREVOR: If Patricia's dead, then I don't care what my people do to this world.
THE DOCTOR: Well, I do. Come on, Trevor.
(Running off.)

MIMS: Second-in-Command Urtak, the device is in place. Our warheads are stirring from their long sleep.
URTAK: Yes, I can feel it. I have never sensed such power. This is what Warlord Haygoth sought to keep from us, but we have succeeded in unleashing the power.
MIMS: Earth will be ours.
AUNTY PAT: Lucie ... Help me, please.
LUCIE MILLER: I am not your Lucie. I am not a human being.
(Zygon alarm.)
URTAK: What's wrong? Report, Mims.
MIMS: The ship is over-stimulated. The power is affecting all systems.
URTAK: Then shut it down, shut it down now.
LUCIE MILLER: I told you Urtak, we need Warlord Haygoth. He alone knows the correct engorgement ratios to properly discharge the warheads.
URTAK: Then fetch me Haygoth.
(Zygon door opens.)
TREVOR: I am here, Urtak.
URTAK: Haygoth.
AUNTY PAT: Trevor ... is that you?
TREVOR: Patricia.
AUNTY PAT: Can't breathe. Help me, Trevor.
THE DOCTOR: Let me - here. I need to press down hard on the wound.
AUNTY PAT: Your necklace, Trevor. I wouldn't let it go. They ... she had to rip it off me.
TREVOR: I know. I'm sorry, my love.
THE DOCTOR: Hold on, don't try to talk.
AUNTY PAT: I'm dying. I know that, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: No. No, no - no-one is dying, listen to me, Aunty Pat.
AUNTY PAT: I'm not your...
THE DOCTOR: Shh! Shh, now, I'm concentrating.
URTAK: Enough. There are more important things to do.
TREVOR: Get away from us, you animals.
AUNTY PAT: Doctor, tell me. Was Lucie never really real? Was she really my niece from the future?
THE DOCTOR: She *was* real, she's here. We'll save her and you.
AUNTY PAT: It's too late for me now.
TREVOR: Patricia, no. Stay with us. I can't lose you.
THE DOCTOR: Don't close your eyes, look at me, Pat.
AUNTY PAT: I can see you, Doctor. Death and disaster all around you. Darkness.
(AUNTY PAT final sigh.)
THE DOCTOR: She's gone. Trevor, I'm so sorry.
TREVOR: They killed her. My own kind.
URTAK: Let us waste no more time on these humans, Warlord Haygoth. Now, focus the crystal lattice. Set our warheads free. Destroy the atmosphere of this stinking world.

MIMS: Cleanse it. Make it ready for the apotheosis of the Zygon race.
LUCIE MILLER: And then if you like, you can have as many Earth females as you desire. You could begin with her niece, Lucie Miller. Doesn't this body appeal to your twisted tastes?
TREVOR: You really don't see, do you? You just don't understand.
THE DOCTOR: Trevor, disconnect the device and give it to me. I'll take it somewhere they won't be able to follow.
TREVOR: It would take you over, Doctor. It would fuse with your flesh. You, like Pat, would become another ticking time bomb, another trigger mechanism.
URTAK: Use it, Warlord Haygoth. It is our destiny.
MIMS: Make this world burn. Open the skies, set your brethren free.
THE DOCTOR: Stop hissing at him. You're confusing him.
URTAK: You have been blinded, Haygoth, by this love. It is a terrible thing. But it is dead now.
TREVOR: Dead. Yes. Yes, I see. There is nothing left for me here, nothing but my Zygon brethren.
URTAK: At last.
TREVOR: My brothers. Can you forgive me?
THE DOCTOR: Trevor, I thought I could trust you.
TREVOR: You can. Now go, Doctor. Go to the body-print chamber and wake your friend.
URTAK: Why should we let them go?
LUCIE MILLER: Kill him. Kill him now.
TREVOR: Quiet! Take Lucie, Doctor, leave our ship quickly, and tell the Earth people what has befallen them. Tell the galaxy who it was set this world aflame. Tell the Universe the Zygons have made their comeback.
URTAK: Yes, yes! You are restored to us, Warlord Haygoth.
TREVOR: Hurry Doctor, fetch the real Lucie, leave here.
THE DOCTOR: I ... Thank you, Trevor.
(Running off. Zygon door rises and closes.)
URTAK: Warlord Haygoth, it is time to begin.
TREVOR: I need first to revert to my original form.
(Zygon transformation.)
TREVOR: You too, Grakus.
GRAKUS: Yes, Warlord Haygoth.
TREVOR: There. We are all together again.
URTAK: On the brink of fulfilling our mission.
TREVOR: It is done. I have triggered the warheads.
URTAK: Yes!
TREVOR: And now, the Skarasen manipulator.
URTAK: Excellent. You are sending the beast to tear the Doctor and his Lucie to pieces.
MIMS: To rip the vile stinking flesh from their bones.
GRAKUS: Just when they think they've escaped.
TREVOR: Only a true Zygon could think of something so terrible. Skarasen, attack!

(Roar of Skarasen and signal device.)

(Zygon voices in background.)
THE DOCTOR: Come on, Lucie, come back to me. Come on. Lucie? Lucie. No, this is just useless. (Shouting) This isn't one of your endless Sunday morning lie-ins, wake up!
LUCIE MILLER: All right, all right! Bloomin' eck! Jawohl, mein Kapitan! Here. What's all this stuff?
THE DOCTOR: Zygon tech. Careful.
(Squelching.)
LUCIE MILLER: Eugh! I'm in a womb! I'm in a piggin' womb!
THE DOCTOR: A body-print machine actually. Here, give me your hand.
(Squelching as she is taken out.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh ... Thanks. Oh - pins and needles. Ow!
(Metal crashing.)
LUCIE MILLER: What the hell was that?
THE DOCTOR: A giant sea monster.
LUCIE MILLER: Of course. And now without one word of explanation you're going to say...
THE DOCTOR: Run!

(Running off as crashing continues.)

(Zygon alarm.)
MIMS: What is happening?
URTAK: The Skarasen. It is attacking the ship. Haygoth, call it off. Haygoth!
(Zygon transformation as TREVOR reverts back to human voice.)
TREVOR: My name ... is ... Trevor!
MIMS: Warlord, you have betrayed us.
URTAK: Is this true, Haygoth?
TREVOR: I have instructed the Skarasen to attack the warheads in situ.
MIMS: But - the warheads are primed and ready.
TREVOR: Yes. And once damaged they will vent their contents, releasing the biochemical manipulators into the heart ship, poisoning it.
(Crashing of metal.)
TREVOR: There. Hear its ventricles collapse.
GRAKUS: But you'll murder us all! You have saved the Earth for the humans.
URTAK: And brought about our doom. You have destroyed the Zygons. Brothers, sting him. Sting him to death.
MIMS: Oh yes, Urtak, with pleasure.
(TREVOR gasps several times, screams.)

THE DOCTOR: Faster, Lucie, we have to keep moving.
LUCIE MILLER: You don't need to tell me again.
THE DOCTOR: Trevor did it, he saved the planet.
LUCIE MILLER: Trevor?
THE DOCTOR: Sorry, you don't know, do you? Trevor is an alien, a Zygon.
LUCIE MILLER: Aunty Pat's Trevor?
THE DOCTOR: No, Trevor MacDonald. Of course Aunty Pat's Trevor.
LUCIE MILLER: You're telling me Aunty Pat married an alien?
THE DOCTOR: We really don't have time for this. In about thirty seconds this tunnel will flood with water from Grasmere.
LUCIE MILLER: Does she know? God, no wonder she kept it quiet. Ha-ha, wait till I see her.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, I think you should...
(Crashing sounds as a deluge of water is approaching.)
THE DOCTOR/LUCIE MILLER: Run...!
(Rushing off.)

(TREVOR gasping as Zygons sting.)
URTAK: Enough! Why won't you die, Haygoth?
TREVOR: We'll all be dead soon, Urtak. Our time is done.
URTAK: No. The Zygons must triumph. It is our destiny.
TREVOR: Our race does not deserve to live any longer. We have done enough damage to the people of this world.
GRAKUS: Urtak, the ship! All systems reaching critical overload.
TREVOR: This one's for you, Patricia.
(Explosion, Zygons cry, then silence.)

(Door opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: There you are, Doctor. Tea's on the table. I put six sugars in yours, just how you like it.
THE DOCTOR: Thank you.
LUCIE MILLER: I reckon we've still got a couple of hours before any of the guests wake up and start clamouring for breakfast.
THE DOCTOR: It's gone, crumbled into dust, into nothing.
LUCIE MILLER: What has?
THE DOCTOR: The body-print machine. The one in the cellar with the real Trevor in.
LUCIE MILLER: But he was already dead, right? In cryogenic what's-it.
THE DOCTOR: That's what the other Trevor said.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm sorry he's gone, Uncle Trevor, even if he was like an alien and everything.
THE DOCTOR: No-one could have survived that implosion under the lake.

LUCIE MILLER: How are we going to tell Aunty Pat?
THE DOCTOR: Lucie...
(THE DOCTOR clears his throat.)
THE DOCTOR: There's no easy way of saying this.
LUCIE MILLER: You're going to tell me she was on the ship, aren't you? But she can't have been.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, sit down.
LUCIE MILLER: No, listen. She has to be alive, doesn't she? Or else I couldn't have met her in the future, like.
THE DOCTOR: Not necessarily.
LUCIE MILLER: Not necessarily? But I knew her. I know her. She's still knocking around, you know, in Two Thousand and Seven. Good old Aunty Pat. Well, what about that thing you're always going on about? You know, the Web of Time, all that malarkey?
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, the thing is ... the Web is resilient. Events can be reshaped, can reflow. If your Aunty Pat lived a quiet unobtrusive life, never got married, never had children, never did very much of anything, then ... well...
LUCIE MILLER: Oh my God. I said it herself, didn't I? She didn't do much with her life. She was never a big noise.
THE DOCTOR: Well then ... history could ... blink and miss her.
LUCIE MILLER: No, no. Don't say that.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, I'm sorry. She was a real heroine, you know, a real star.
(LUCIE MILLER sobbing.)
LUCIE MILLER: Can we leave it till the morning, you know, just in case. I don't want to leave without knowing for sure.
THE DOCTOR: Of course. You go up to bed, go on. Sleep is the best thing for you now.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, I'm whacked. Goodnight, Doctor. Don't stay up too long.
THE DOCTOR: It'll be dawn soon. Maybe I'll take my tea out onto the terrace, watch the sun coming up over the lake.
LUCIE MILLER: You're a romantic.
THE DOCTOR: Well, you know, me and Wordsworth.
LUCIE MILLER: Goodnight.
(Door closed.)

(Terrace door opened to the outside.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh, there is a blessing in this gentle breeze that blows from the green fields and from the clouds and from the sky. It beats against my cheek, and seems half-conscious of the joy it gives. A welcome messenger, a welcome friend. Speaking of which, you can come out now. I know you've been watching us. Come on, Lucie's gone off to bed, there's only me. I'll quote the rest of the prelude if you're not careful.
(Rustling. TREVOR gasping. He has a Zygon voice again.)
THE DOCTOR: You live.
TREVOR: Only just.
THE DOCTOR: I'm glad. I'm glad someone has survived this terrible time.
TREVOR: No-one else did.
THE DOCTOR: Patricia?
TREVOR: There was no chance. There's not even a body. But...
THE DOCTOR: But?
TREVOR: There is ... something I can do.
THE DOCTOR: What?
TREVOR: Use my last reserves of strength, and disguise my shape one last time. Adopt a human form forever.
THE DOCTOR: Can you do that, without your body-print technology? Everything has been destroyed.
TREVOR: If I use all my resources, I can create an image that will last a couple of decades of its own accord, but only if I stay inside that form forever. No more shape-shifting.
THE DOCTOR: I see.
TREVOR: I must stop being a Zygon, but that is no loss. I don't think the cosmos would mourn the Zygons. I am ashamed of my brethren.
THE DOCTOR: They were just trying to survive, Haygoth, the same as anyone, but they let their desires impinge too harshly upon those who got in their way.

TREVOR: I am content to become human for the rest of my days. Goodbye, Doctor.
(Zygon transformation. TREVOR gasps. AUNTY PAT clears her throat.)
AUNTY PAT: And ... hello. Lucie will be pleased, won't she? I get to live after all.
THE DOCTOR: She's sleeping.
AUNTY PAT: Then I will see her in the morning. You won't tell her the truth, will you, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: I don't like lying, Haygoth ... Trevor.
AUNTY PAT: Please. My name is Patricia. It has to be that way now. I must live out my days as Aunty Pat, the most wonderful woman in the world.
THE DOCTOR: All right, I won't say anything. You get to live your quiet, obscure life in peace - and so in a sense does Aunty Pat.
AUNTY PAT: Thank you, Doctor. Just imagine Lucie's face when I turn up at breakfast.
THE DOCTOR: Yes. Come on. It's been a long night. Let's go back inside before I change my mind.

(Scratchy sound at first, as though a well-worn vinyl record is being played.)
SONG: You're all alone, and you're lost far from home. A world away, from the memories of yesterday. Don't know what to be, don't know what you'll see, you're a falling star. Which face will you choose? Which one will you lose? You're a falling star.